

## **Hungry Eyes by adkinsmayo**

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**Summary:**

Prompt Request Fill: 75. "God, you don't know what you fucking do to me."

You never thought older men were your type. Older men still weren't really your type. Unless that older man happened to be Jim Hopper. And from the way you two dance around each other in the office, makes you think younger women just might be his type. Or maybe you just happen to be his type.

## 1. Part 1

You had just started working at the Hawkins Police Department as an office assistant not too long ago. But office slave sounds like a more appropriate title for your position. Or maybe even professional paper-shuffler, the coffee-brewer, or the file-hand-overer. There was even a moment when Callahan teased you about refilling his coffee and you did it without a second thought. Not because you liked Callahan, but because you subconsciously just thought that was something in your job description. The only benefit from your job was that you occasionally caught a glimpse of the chief when he passed by your desk. If you were really lucky, you'd get a peek at his ass in his perfectly fitting work pants as he makes his way towards his office. You hadn't said much to each other but there's no doubt you were blushing throughout every conversation with him. Even though you were in your late-twenties, there was still a pretty sizable age gap between you two. Normally that would be a major turn off for you. But when it came to Hopper, there's nothing that turned you on more. This wasn't some little girl crush you had on your high school teacher. You were both adults. Which made this longing for him much more adult. Unfortunately, Hopper was your boss and he was a professional. Even though you didn't want to jeopardize your job, you figured a little teasing wouldn't be a fireable offense. So any chance you got, you would be that pesky flirt to him. You didn't want to completely let him know how you felt about him, but maybe you could try and plant a seed, get him at least thinking about you in the way you thought about him. If it's just a thought, there's really no harm done, right? It was the thought that counted, anyways.

"Y/N." Flo calls out to you but you don't hear her, you're too busy in your own thoughts.

"Y/N." She says a bit louder, finally getting your attention.

"Huh? Oh, sorry- what can I do for you?"

"Could you bring these to the chief for me? And I know he's a grown boy, but could you do me a favor?"

You raise an eyebrow up at her before cautiously taking the large file

from her.

“Depends. Do I actually have a choice?”

“Dear, there’s always a choice- the only difference is the consequences that matter.”

You look at her in surprise.

“Are you saying I’ll get fired if I don’t do this ‘favor’ for you?”

She laughs and pats your shoulder.

“No, no- I’m only teasing! It’s just that I’ve made three copies of this file now and Hop hasn’t bothered touching any of them. I’ve told him how important it is for him to look through it and fill out the forms inside but he still doesn’t. So would you be the doll I know you are and sit in his office to make sure he actually gets it done?”

You feel your cheeks warm up. She puts both her hands on your shoulders to get you up from your chair and gently shoving you towards his office door.

“What? I mean, why do I have to?”

“Because I tried and he was too distracted thinking I was going to nag him that he didn’t get anything done. Your presence will have much better luck encouraging him.”

“Wha-what’s that supposed to mean? I-“

She smiles at you before interrupting you by knocking on Hopper’s door.

“Jesus, Flo- you are ruthless. How many- oh”

He opens up the door and you hold the file out to him.

“Flo-“

You clear your throat.

“Flo wanted me to keep you company while you worked on this.”

You smiled warmly at him and he snatched the file from your hands, opening it up to skim through the first page.

“You mean Flo wanted you to babysit me. How appropriate sending the youngest gal in the office to do it.”

You felt the blood rush to your cheeks faster.

“I-I mean, no. I don’t have-“

“I’m kidding. Come in.”

He opens the door for you to step into his office and closes it behind you.

“Pop a squat wherever you want. Though I wouldn’t suggest the floor, you might be here a while.”

He says to you as he makes his way towards his desk chair, throwing the file on his desk before plopping down in his chair.

You carefully make your way a chair against the wall, your legs pointing at his desk. You cross your legs and realize that you didn’t bring anything with you to do while he worked on his file.

“Uh, Chief?”

He looks up at you from his desk and raises a brow at you.

“You wouldn’t happen to have a newspaper I could look through, do you? I trust you can get your stuff done without me staring at you the whole time?”

He smirks before grabbing the paper on his desk and bringing it over to you.

“Thanks.”

“No problem, and you don’t have to call me chief. Call me, Hopper or Jim or Hop- whatever just- Chief sounds too formal.”

“Alright then, Hopper or Jim or Hop or whatever.”

You smirk at him before opening up the paper to skim through to find something interesting to read.

“Alright, alright, watch the sass. Just because you aren’t calling me chief doesn’t mean I’m not still the chief.”

He playfully warns you as he makes his way back towards his desk.

You cross your legs as you flip through the paper, and a thought passes through your head.

What a perfect, most opportune, moment to tease.

You then start a pattern of crossing and uncrossing your legs, making sure to linger a bit longer with them spread open each time. You couldn’t tell if Hopper was watching, but you wanted to make sure he caught you at least once. You let out a cough and shake the paper to straighten it out, causing as much noise as possible without raising suspicion. You barely peek over the top of the paper and notice that Hopper’s eyes are now on you. You uncross, linger, and cross your legs again, taking note of his drifting eyes and clenched jaw. One seed planted, just a few more to go.

“How’s the work coming along, Hop?”

You disrupt his staring and he lets out a sharp cough.

“Pretty slow. I think I need a refill. Can I get you a cup?”

“That’s awful nice of you, Jim. I’d love a cup.”

He gets up from his chair and plucks his coffee cup from off of his desk and heads closer to you.

“How do you take it?”

What regretful phrasing.

“I’ll take it however you want me to take it, chief.”

You look up from the paper at Hopper’s reddened face and give him a slight smirk. He lets out another sharp cough.

“...Alright then.” He mutters before heading out of the office towards the break room. You’d never thought yourself as smooth, but Hopper just seemed to make it so easy.

He headed back in the office a couple minutes later with the two cups of coffee and a handful of sugar packets and creamer crumpled under his fingers pressed against a cup.

“I figured I’d bring these in case you didn’t like it black like I do.”

He sets down the two cups and sprinkles the sugar and creamer on top of his desk. You grab your cup and the pick through the spread of condiments.

“Thanks, Hopper. Now, back to work!”

He laughs before plopping back down into his chair.

“Yes ma’am.”

You had finished looking through the interesting parts of the paper and started to get unbearably bored. From what you could see, Hopper was nearly done anyhow so you’d figured it was all right to retire from your duties.

“Looks like you’ve made some progress, think you can finish it on your own?”

You get up from your seat and fold up the paper to set back on his desk.

“I think I can manage.”

You raise a brow at him in cynicism but turn around to leave the office anyways.

“Oh, I almost forgot.”

You turn back around and pull a sugar packet from your jacket pocket and throw it on his desk.

“You dropped your name tag.”

You gave him a playful wink and a blow out a raspberry into a laugh on your way out of his office.

You both circled around each other like that for weeks. Little flirts here and there. Sometimes they were not so little. But it never went anywhere. You were starting to think that it would never go anywhere and you'd both just keep running in circles until one of you got tired. It was someone's birthday in the office and nearly everyone was headed to the bar to celebrate. You'd figure that this was you're last chance to make something happen. If nothing did, than you'd know for sure that Hop wasn't interested and just liked playing the game and nothing more. Which was fine by you as long as you could get at least a little something out of it.

You showed up to the bar a little later than you'd like but you wanted to take every opportunity you could to better your chances with Hopper. You went with a classic short black dress with a plunging neckline and some short kitten heels. You kept your stripper heels at home this time, you weren't looking to get a broken ankle and you liked how Hopper towered over you.

Once you were inside you tried to nonchalantly look for Hopper, he was the only one you wanted to be around tonight. But once you grazed over the bar, your eyes met with Hopper's. You smiled at him before making your way to the stool next to him.

"Howdy, chief."

"Uh, howdy."

"Well aren't you going to offer to buy me a drink?"

"I was considering it."

"Well I'll have a jack and coke once you've decided to."

He smirked as he looked down at the bar. You hopped up onto the stool next to him, grabbing his shoulder to help yourself up. You could feel him tense up at your touch.

"So. You come here often?"

You teased as he called over the bartender.

“Only when I know pretty little things are going to be here.”

He orders four shots of whiskey to share between the two of you instead of a jack and coke.

“And do you usually try this hard to get those pretty little things drunk?”

“Come on, darlin’. We’re celebratin’.”

You both pick up a shot glass and cheers before downing it and reaching for the next one.

About an hour into the party, you and Hopper were well past drunk. You could tell due to how much shit was falling out of your mouths. Things probably not meant to be shared between coworkers, let alone between boss and assistant.

“I’ve got to hit the little girls room, Hop. You gotta quit buying me damn drinks!”

“Aw, doll, come on. Just one more?”

You shake your head at him as you head towards the hallway where the bathrooms were. You sat at the sink a little longer than you usually would, but you needed a minute to think. Was something going to happen or wasn’t it? It seemed like he was into you as much as you were into him, but he hasn’t made a single move since you got here. Maybe he was just being a tease and only likes the game. You fix up your hair and rub away the makeup that had bled under your eyes and head back out. You figure you’ve stayed long enough and it was probably time to call a cab or hitch a ride with someone who’s sober. But as soon as you step out Hopper is leaning against the wall, eyes burning holes right into yours. Before you could say anything to him he grabs your waist with one hand and your neck with the other, pulling you in for a hard kiss. You let out a small noise of surprise that quickly shifts into a quiet moan. You’ve wanted this so bad and now that you know that Hopper wanted it too makes it that much more intense. You start wrapping your arms around him and dragging your tongue over his bottom lip, hoping he gives you access. But instead he shoves himself off of you and groans.

“I’m so sorry. I- I should not have done that.”

“Hop, it’s okay I-“

“No- no, it’s not okay. I shouldn’t have done that. We shouldn’t have done that. I have to go.”

He heads back out into the main part of the bar, pays his tab, and heads out of the bar in one fell swoop. Leaving you in the hallway alone, wondering what the fuck just happened.

## 2. Part 2

### Summary for the Chapter:

This is request chosen from a dialogue prompt list posted on my tumblr: "75 for Hopper?"

75. "God, you don't know what you fucking do to me."

You never thought older men were your type. Older men still weren't really your type. Unless that older man happened to be Jim Hopper. And from the way you two dance around each other in the office, makes you think younger women just might be his type. Or maybe you just happen to be his type.

That happened Friday night so you had the entire weekend to think through every single second of what happened between you and Hopper. You went from theory to theory trying to come up with any explanation for his reaction. You were both drunk. You thought maybe you accidentally took advantage of him? Or maybe he really just wasn't interested and saw you as just a piece of ass for the night. If that were the case, maybe he felt bad because he saw you as some frail little girl and changed his mind. Or maybe he got scared that you would tattle? You couldn't think of a clear answer and you weren't going to get one unless you talked to Hopper. Unfortunately, he avoided you like the plague when you came back into work. If he saw you heading to the break room at the same time, he'd divert back to his office. If you were the last two to leave, he would wait until you left first. Even when you knocked on his door to hand him some files, he would make you shove them under the door, rather than come in to hand them to him directly. You started to get frustrated. If he saw you as a child then what the hell was he acting like? You thought you finally had him when you decided to pick up smoking for the day and headed outside to join Hopper during his lunch break. Though you wouldn't really call it that, he just stood outside for an hour and smoked and then went back inside, never actually eating anything. And from what you knew about Hopper, he didn't seem like the type who couldn't talk and smoke at the same

time.

“Got a light?”

You asked from behind him, a cigarette hanging from your lips. It’s been a little bit since you’ve smoked a cigarette but you knew that everyone looked sexy with a cigarette between their teeth, so maybe seeing you like this would help him relax a little.

He turns his head to look at you and definitely does not relax, just the opposite, in fact. He said nothing to you and clenched his jaw. He shoved his hand in his pocket to reach for his lighter. The way he pulled it out of his pocket made it seem like he was going to light it for you but instead he simply just handed it to you to light it yourself.

“Thanks.”

You walked a couple steps forward to stand next to him, but he still wouldn’t even look at you.

“So.”

“So.”

He finally spoke up to you.

“Jim, I-“

“Chief, there’s a phone call for you. Something about Miss Johnson? She said you’d call her back and you haven’t”

Flo calls out to Jim from the doorway of the entrance.

“Miss Johnson and her fuckin’ dog.”

Hopper throws what was left of his cig on the ground and doesn’t even step on it. He just turns and heads back inside. Once he’s out of view, you let out a couple hard coughs you’d been holding in from the harshness of the smoke. You probably shouldn’t have picked up Marlboro Red’s but the only times you did smoke were at parties, bumming one off of a cute guy you were trying impress. You thought that interaction would have you seeing the clear picture that he was most certainly not interested in you. Not only did you see that

picture, but you also felt incredibly guilty about it now. He certainly doesn't want to say even two words to you, but you feel like you have to apologize. It's going to eat you alive if you don't.

You wait until it's only you and Hopper left in the office before you even consider knocking on his door. You've been done with work hours ago. But this nagging feeling like you've just embarrassed the shit out of yourself by making out with your boss, kept you finding more and more things to do around the office. You're pretty sure you cleaned the coffee pot about three times. You take a deep breath in before getting up from your chair and walking towards Hopper's office. Your knuckles barely tap on the door.

"Yeah?"

"It's me. Do you mind if I come in?"

He pauses for a minute before answering.

"Sure."

You open up the door and Hopper gets up from his chair as you walk in.

"Something ya need?"

You raise a knowing brow at him as you turn around from shutting the door behind you. A brow that says, "You know why I'm here, dipshit."

"Ah."

Hopper leans on the edge of his desk, using his hand to signal you to talk again.

"I just wanted to come and apologize."

His brows furrow in confusion.

"Apologize? For what?"

"For what happened at the bar. I shouldn't have kissed you. Well, I

shouldn't have kissed you back. I know you were drunk and I know you're my boss but don't worry, I'm not going to tell anyone. I know that you're not interested in me like that, anyways."

Hopper lets out an almost silent laugh.

"I wasn't worried about that, sweetheart. And what makes you think I'm not interested in you like that? I kissed you, if I remember correctly. I was drunk, but not that drunk, darlin'."

You would've blushed at the fact that Hopper basically just told you that he's interested in you but you were frustrated at the way he has been acting recently.

"Well, I mean, you've literally spoken two words to me since then? And you keep going out of your way to avoid me? That doesn't really scream 'I'm attracted to you'.  
I mean what am I supposed to—"

He interrupts you by swooping you up into a kiss similar to the one he gave you the other night, one hand on your hip and another on your neck. You rest your hands on his waist and gently ease his body closer to yours. He lets out a quiet grunt once your hips touch. He pulls barely away from you, his mouth hovering just above yours.

"God, you don't know what you fucking do to me. That's why I've been avoiding you. I knew what it was like to kiss you and I wanted more."

"So then take more."

He presses his lips back onto yours and you can feel him smirk against your mouth.

"I said take more, Hopper."

You take his wrists in your hands and guide them around to your ass. Hopper takes the hint. He squeezes down hard and pulls you closer to him.

"Fuck, you feel so goddamn amazing in my hands- shit."

He shifts his hands to your waist to move you closer to his desk,

gripping hard and pulling you up to sit on its surface. His lips find his way back to yours and you lock your legs around him to pull his body up against yours. You can already feel him hard against your center.

“Is this what I do to you, Jim? I’ve barely touched you and you’re already hard for me.”

You grind your hips against his bulge and his head falls onto your shoulder as he lets out a groan.

“Fuck, darlin’, that fucking mouth of yours is gonna get you in trouble.”

“Do you promise?”

He growls against your neck and brings his mouth back to crash into yours. He bites down on your bottom lip, pulling it away from you to slip his tongue into your mouth. Your hands travel from his sides up to the back of his neck, deepening the kiss before snaking them down to the top button of his work shirt. You pull away from his lips to start working on the warm skin on his neck.

“I’ve wanted this for so fucking long, Y/N.”

Hopper starts his own work of unbuttoning your blouse, his experienced fingers working much quicker than yours.

“You came in here, crossing those fucking legs, I had to get the hell out of there before I ripped off those black panties you were wearing to put my mouth on that cunt of yours.”

You breathed out into a moan at his words. You had finished your work of undoing all of the buttons on his shirt so you pulled your mouth away from his neck to shove it off of his shoulders, your hands trailing over his chest. You bite down hard on your bottom lip when you looked up into Hopper’s darkened eyes. He reaches behind you to unclasp your bra before shedding you of both your top and your bra, all without shifting his eyes from yours. Your jaw falls open once he squeezes hard on your breasts. You groan out when he takes your pebbled nipples in between his fingers so hard that there was a tinge

of pain that sent your nerves flying even higher. He finally looks down at your body responding to his touch.

“Fuck- you look so much better than I could’ve ever imagined. And trust me, I’ve imagined.”

Hopper’s hands move down to the bottom of your skirt, hiking it up as far as it could go. His thumb trailed behind the rest of his fingers as he pulled it up to drag over the skin he started to expose, giving you chills.

“No, I had to get you alone. If I was going to have you, I wanted to hear you. I needed to know what you sounded like when I shoved my cock into you.”

Hopper’s thumb grazes over your covered clit, causing a whine to fall from your mouth.

“That damn mouth of yours is going to get you in trouble, Hopper.”

“Promise?”

He hooks his thumbs under the waistband of your panties, not wasting anytime to pull them off of you. You reach out to start undoing his belt but he grabs your wrist to stop you.

“No, no, no, I get to taste you first.”

He kneels down in front of you, guiding your legs to rest on his shoulders. You lean back to rest on your hands, watching as Hopper eases closer to your center.

“Jesus, how are you already this fucking wet?”

He teases you first by pecking short kisses on your inner thigh and massaging them with his hands. You let out a quiet and strained groan, digging your heels into his back to urge him forward. He gently bites down on the skin of your inner thigh and then soothes the spot with his tongue.

“Is this what you want?”

“Yes.”

You don't hesitate to whimper out to him. You were dripping and desperate for him.

He plants a longing kiss just above where your slit begins and then pulls away to circle your throbbing clit with the tip of his tongue. You nearly cry out at the long awaited contact. He runs the flat of his tongue over your opening back up to your clit, taking it in his mouth and sucking hard. You tilted your head back and moaned so loud it overwhelmed the wet sounds coming from between your legs as Hopper worked back down to your opening. He licks up from your taint, taking what had dripped from you into his mouth.

“You're fucking sweet. How the fuck are you sweet?”

He opens his mouth and swirls his tongue inside of you. The growls and groans he lets out has your skin vibrating, pulling you closer and closer to the edge. Between every breath you whimper out his name, your volume getting louder and louder the closer you get to finishing. Hopper can tell you're close as your walls start to clench. He hooks an arm over your thigh to press his thumb into your swollen bud, dragging to up and down in the same rhythm of the motions of his tongue.

“Hopper I'm so close, I'm so close. Do not fucking stop.”

He hums against you and that little vibration it what sends you over. You don't muffle the yell that forces it's way out of your mouth. You try and keep your thighs from clamping together on Hopper's head but they still make their way slightly closer together, shaking against Hopper's ears. He makes his way back up to you once your breaths have slowed slightly, a cocky smirk glued on his glistening face. You put your hands on his shoulders and guide him closer to you. You stick your tongue out of your mouth and drag it up from Hopper's neck up to his mouth, reveling in your own taste on his skin.

“Fucking hell, darlin'.”

“What? Had enough already? If that's the case, I can just go-“

He grabs your face in his hands and crashes his mouth onto yours again. You drag your tongue over his bottom lip to signal him to open his mouth further. As your tongue's start to mesh together, you move your hands down to undo his belt and ripping it from the loops of his pants to tossing it on the floor. You quickly undo the button and zipper of his pants to slip your hands in to palm at his fully hard erection.

"My turn to hear you now, baby."

You both look at each other under hooded eyes. As if you had been practicing this, you loop your fingers into the belt loops on his hips and tug his pants down over his ass. But when it came to his underwear, you went slowly. Tucking your thumb under the waistband and running it back and forth over his hips, moving the fabric down slowly over his length.

"Fucking stop it, I think you've teased enough."

He tells you in a firm tone. You wrap your fingers around his shaft and pump up and down a few times before rolling your thumb over the bead of precum built up on his tip. He shifts his gaze up away from yours, tossing his head back with a groan. He puts one hand on your hip and pulls you closer to him, his cock just resting on your cunt. He raises a hand to gently rest on your cheek.

"Are you sure about this?"

"Yes, I'm sure. I want this. I want you, Jim. I've been wanting you."

You ease your legs around him as you had before, holding him against you. You take his cock in your hand and Hopper's hands rest on your waist as you line his tip up with your opening. Hopper's eyes clamp shut as he starts to ease his way inside out you.

"No, I want you to watch. I want you to see how bad I want you."

Jim opens his eyes and you both turn your gazes down between you. Hopper slowly pushes himself inside of you, little by little, his grip on your hips getting tighter the further he goes in. You let out a huff and throw your hands on his shoulders once he is all the way inside of

you. Your breath starts to pick up and tiny high-pitched whines are pushed out into every exhale as your walls relax around him. Before you could even relax all of the way Hopper pulled almost all the way out of you and thrust himself hard back into you. The way he forcefully stretches you make you cry out in a mix of intense pleasure and a hint of pain. He pulls back and thrusts into you again. The way he filled you was unlike anything you'd ever felt before. Before he pulled back out again, he shoves his hands under your ass to shift your body at a more upward angle, rests one hand on the desk and the other wrapped around you so he could push himself into you deeper. With your thighs hugging at his ribs and his arm hugging around you tight, he fucked you like no one had ever fucked you before. His rough and fast pace had you forgetting about the sharp pain in your tailbone the tip of it balanced on the desk. The dirty symphony that was happening in Hopper's tiny office was made up of your combined grunts and moans, the slapping of your skin coming together, and the sound of his desk grinding on the floor as he thrusts harder into you. Your legs start to shake slightly and your walls start to clench around him. Hopper's pace slows just barely as his thrusts begin to get sloppy.

"Are you close? God, I'm so fucking close, baby. But I want to feel you come on my cock, I need to feel you come on my cock, please-please."

He whines at you and you shake your head aggressively against him, bucking your hips to match his thrusts. You scoot your ass slightly forward, Hopper now hitting that spot inside of you that starts to make your ears ring. After a few more hits on the spot, you are falling over for the second time tonight. Every part of you attaches to Hopper. You wrap your arms around him, you gently bite down onto his shoulder, your shaking legs wrap even tighter around his torso, and of course your walls are clenching hard around him. Hopper comes almost right after you, a strained but loud grunt forced from his mouth. His hand that was around your back makes its way into your hair in an attempt you have you as closer to him, despite being as close to him as you possibly could. Your breath starts to ease up as Hopper's thrusts slow to a halt. You both let out a few breathy laughs before he eases out of you and pulling just far enough away to look in each other's eyes.

“Shit, that was-“

“Yeah.”

Was all you two could whisper out, both of you were still pretty out of breath.

“Would this be a bad time to ask you out?”

You lean your head back to laugh at him.

“Maybe. But you should ask anyhow.”

He smiles warmly at you before leaning in for a soft kiss.